SIONS SONETS.

Sung
By SOLOMON the King,
And
PERIPHRAS'D
By
FRA. QVARLES.

LONDON
Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhoppe in Saint *Dunſtanes* Church-yard. 1625.

SONNETS

by

By Solomon the King,

And

PSALTERIUM

of

THE QVEENE.

London:

Printed by W. Stansby for Thomas
Pavier, and are to be sold at his
shoppe in Saint Dunstans
Church-yard. 1599.

TO
THE TRVLY
NOBLE AND NO
LESSE GOOD
THEN GREAT
LORD,
IAMES,
MARQVES
Hamleton.

SIR,

HAd theſe Lines beene looſe, and laſciuious, If had either pickt out a leſſe honorable Patron, or ſtood to the courteſie of euery wanton Reader; But being (as

they are) of a diuine subiect, therefore subiect to the ill-digested humours of light heads, by your fauour (thrice noble Lord) you are bound to protect it, being the knowne Patron to goodnesse. There are too few such: This makes glorious Vice so bold, and bashfull Vertue so inglorious. You are a bright Starre in our Orbe; on which, all good eyes are fixt, and by the speciall influence of which, these presented Lines, had their conception, their birth, their being; and now crept forth, repay themselues to You, hope to receiue honour from You, and sue for protection vnder You. So I commit them to the honour of so great a fortune.

SIR,

The true honourer of your
admired worth,

FRANCIS QVARLES.

To the Readers.

READERS, now you haue them. May the end of my paines be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else giue me leaue to excuse my selfe; Indeed I flue with Eagles feathers; otherwise I had not flowne, or falne. It is the *Song* of *Songs*, I here present you with: The Author, King SOLOMON, the wisest of Kings; The matter mysticall, the diuinest of subiects: The Speakers, CHRIST, the *Bridegroome*; the CHVRCH, the *Bride*; The end, to invite you all to the wedding.

Farewell.

AN EPITHALME TO THE BRIDE-GROOME.

HOSANNA to the Highest. Ioy beside
The heauenly Bridegroome, *and his holy* Bride:
Let Heauen aboue be fill'd with songs,
Let Earth triumph below;
For euer silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now.
You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all to breake
Your flintie silence, if men cease to speake.
You, that professe that sacred Art,
Or now, or neuer show it,
Pleade not, your Muse is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet.
Be raiſh'd Earth, to see this contract driuen,
'Twixt sinfull Man, and reconciled Heauen.
Dismount you Quire of Angels; come,
With Men, your ioyes diuide;
Heauen neuer show'd so sweet a GROOME,
Nor Earth, so faire a BRIDE.

SIONS SONETS.

BRIDE. SONET I.

1.

O That the bountie of thoſe lips diuine, CAP. I.
Would ſeale their fauours, on theſe lips of mine,
That by thoſe welcome * kiſſes, I might ſee * *Senſible graces.*
The mutuall loue, betwixt my Loue and mee,
For truer bliſſe, no worldly ioy allowes,
Then ſacred Kiſſes, from ſo ſweet a Spouſe,
With which, no earthly pleaſures may compare,
Rich Wines are not ſo delicate as thay're.

2.

NOr Myrrhe, nor Caſſia, nor the choice perfumes
Of vnctious Narde, or Aromatick fumes
Of hot *Arabia*, doe enrich the aire
With more delitious ſweetneſſe, then the faire
Reports, that crowne the merits of thy Name,
With heauenly Laurels of eternall fame,
Which makes the * Virgins fixe their eyes vpon thee, * *Pant in loue.*
And all that view thee, are enamour'd on thee.

3.

O, Let the beautie of thy Sunne-like face
Inflame my soule, and let thy glorie chace
Disloyall thoughts; Let not the World allure
My chaste desires, from a Spouse, so pure;
c *The Kingdom of Heauen.* But when as Time shall place me on thy c Throne,
My feares will cease, and interrupt by none,
I shall transcend the stile of Transitorie,
And full of glorie, still be fill'd with glorie.

4.

BVt you, my curious (and too nice) Allyes,
That view my fortunes, with two narrow eyes,
d *Through apparant infirmities.* You say my face is d blacke, and foule; 'tis true;
I'm beauteous, to my Loue, though black to you,
My censure stands not vpon your esteeme,
e *Glorious in him.* He sees me as I e am; you, as I seeme;
You see the Cloudes, but he discernes the Skie;
f *Weaknesse of the flesh.* Know, 'Tis my f Maske that lookes so blacke, not I.

5.

VVHat if Afflictions doe dis-imbellish
My naturall glorie, and denie the relish
g *Afflictions.* h *Forced to Idolatrous superstitions.* Of my adjourned beautie, yet disdaine not
i *By reason of my weaknesse.* Her, by whose necessarie losse, you gaine not;
I was enforc'd to swelter in g the Sunne,
k *Being seduced by false prophets.* And h keepe a strangers Vine, left mine alone;
I left mine owne, and kept a strangers Vine;
The fault was i mine, but was k not onely mine.

6.

O Thou, whose loue I prize aboue my life,
More worthy farre t'enjoy a fairer wife,
Tell mee, to what coole shade, dost thou resort?
Where graze thy Sheepe, where doe thy Lambs disport
Free from the scortching of this [l] sowltrie weather? l *Persecutions.*
O tell thy Loue, and let thy Loue come thither:
Say (gentle Shephard) fits it thee, to cherish
Thy priuate Flocks, and let thy true Loue [m] perish? m *By Idolatrie.*

BRIDEGROOME. SONET. II.

ILlustrious *Bride*, more radiant and more [n] bright, n *Through my merits and thy sanctification.*
Then th'eye of Noone, thrice fairer then the light;
Thou dearest off-spring of my dying blood,
And treasure of my soule, why hast thou stood
Parching so long in those ambitious beames?
Come, come and coole thee in these siluer [o] streames; o *The doctrine of the true Prophets.*
Vnshade thy Face, cast backe those golden Locks,
And I will make thee [p] Mistris of my Flocks. p *Teacher of my Congregations.*

2.

O Thou, the Center of my choise desires,
In whom I rest, in whom my soule respires;
Thou art the flowre of beautie, and I prize thee
Aboue the World, how e're the World disprize thee:
The blinde imagins all things black, by kinde;
Thou art as beautifull, as they are blinde:
And as the fairest troopes of *Pharoes* Steeds
Exceed the rest, so Thou, the rest exceeds.

3.

¶ *Thy most visable parts.*

THy ¶ Cheeke (the garden where fresh beautie plants,
Her choyfest flowers) no adorning wants;
¶ *Sanctification* There wants no reliſh of ¶ diuiner grace,
To ſumme compleatneſſe, in ſo ſweet a face;
Thy Neck, without a blemiſh, without blot,
Then pearle's more orient, cleare from ſtaine or ſpot;
Thy Gemmes and Iewels, full of curious art,
Imply the ſacred treaſures of thy heart.

4.

THe Sunne-bright glorie of thy reſounding fame,
Addes glorie, to the glorie of my Name;
The more's thy honour (Loue) the more thou ſtriu'ſt
To honour me; Thou gayneſt, what thou giu'ſt:
My Father (whom our Contract hath made thine)
¶ *The riches of his holy Spirit.* Will giue thee large endowments of ¶ diuine,
And euerlaſting treaſure; Thus by mee
Thou ſhalt be rich, that am thus rich, in Thee.

BRIDE. SONET III.

OH, how my ſoule is rauiſht with the joyes,
That ſpring like fountains fr̃ my true louesvoice?
How cordiall are his lips! How ſweet his tongue?
Each word, he breathes, is a melodious ſong;
Hee abſent (ah) how is my glorie dimmed!
I haue no beautie, not deriu'd from Him;
What e're I haue, from Him alone, I haue,
And Hee takes pleaſure in thoſe gifts, hee gaue.

As

2.

AS fragrant Myrrhe, within the bosome hid,
Sents more delitious, then (before) it did,
And yet receiues no sweetnesse, from that brest,
That proones the sweeter, for so sweet a guest;
Euen so, the fauour of my dearest Spouse,
Thus priz'd, and placed in my heart, endowes
My ardent soule, with sweetnesse, and inspires
With heauenly rauishment, my rapt desires.

3.

WHo euer smelt the breath of morning flowres,
New sweetned with the dath of twilight showres,
Or pounded Amber, or the flowring Thyme,
Or purple Violets, in their prouder prime,
Or swelling Clusters, from the Cypresse tree?
So sweet's my Lowe; I, farre more sweet is Hee.
So faire, so sweet, that heauens bright eye is dim,
And flowers haue no sent, compar'd with Him.

BRIDEGROOME. SONET III.

O Thou, the ioyes of my sufficid heart,
The more thou think'st me faire, the more thou art;
Looke in the Crystall mirrours of mine eyes,
And view thy beautie; there thy beauie, lyes:
See there, th'vnmated glorie of thy Face,
Well mixt with Spirit, and diuine grauce;
The eyes of Doues, pure, nor (of soule) vn-kind
O, how those eyes, inflame those eyes of mine!

BRIDE. SONET V.

MOst radiant, and refulgent Lampe of light,
Whose midday beautie, yet ne're found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis onely thou art faire; from Thee
Reflect those * rayes, that haue enlightned mee,
And as bright *Cynthia's* borrow'd beames doe shine
From *Titan's* glorie, so doe I, from thine;
So daily flourishes our fresh delight,
In daily * giuing, and receiuing light.

* Thy holy Spirit.

* In giuing grace and receiuing glorie.

2.

NOr does thy glorie shine to me alone;
What place, wherein thy glorie hath not shone?
But ô, how fragrant with rich odour, smells
That * sacred House, where thou my true Loue dwells?
Nor is it strange; How can those places bee
But fill'd with sweetnesse, if possest with Thee!
My heart's a Heauen, for Thou art in that heart,
Thy presence makes a Heauen, where e're thou art.

* The congregation of Saints

BRIDEGROOME. SONET VI.

CAP. II.

THou soueraigne Lady of my select desires,
I, I am Hee, whom thy chaste soule admires;
The Rose, for smell; the Lilly, to the eye,
Is not so sweet, is not so faire as I;
My vailed beautie's not the glorious prize
a Of common sight; b within, my beautie lies;
Yet ne're the lesse, my glorie were but small,
If I should want, to honour thee with all.

a Not in outward glorie.
b In inward graces.

2.

NOr doe I boast my Excellence alone, (none
But thine (deare Spouse) as whom, the world hath
So true to Faith, so pure in loue, as whome
Liues not a Bride so fits, so chaste a Groome;
And as the fairest Lilly doth exceede
The fruitlesse Bramble, or the foulest weede,
So farre (my Loue) dost thou exceede the rest,
In perfect beautie, of a loyall brest.

BRIDE. Sonet VII.

LOoke how the fruitfull Tree (whose laden boughs,
With swelling pride, crowne Autumnes smiling brows)
Surpasses idle shrubs; euen so, in worth,
My loue transcends the Worthies of the earth:
He was my Shore, in Shipwrack; and my Shelter
In Stormes; my Shade, when I began to Swelter;
If hungrie, he was Foode; and if oppresst
With wrongs, my Aduocate; with toile, my Rest.

2.

I Thirsted; and, full charged to the brinke,
He gaue me * boules of Nectar, for my drinke,
And in his Sides, he broacht me (for a signe
Of deerest loue) a Sacramentall wine;
He freely gaue; I freely dranke my fill;
The more I dranke, the more remayned still:
Did neuer Souldier, to his Colours proue
More chaste, then I, to so entire a Loue.

* *The holy Scriptures.*

3.

O How his beautie sets my soule on fire!
My spirits languish, with extreame desire;
Desires, exceeding limits, are too lauish,
And wanting meanes to be effected, rauish;
Then let thy * breath, like flaggons of strong wine,
Releeue and comfort this poore heart of mine;
For I am sicke, till time (that doth delay
Our Mariage) bring our joyfull Mariage day.

* *Thy sweet Promises.*

4.

Till then, ô let my deare st Lord, by whome,
These pleasing paines of my sweet sorrowes come,
Performe his vowes, and with his due resort,
Blesse me, to make the sullen time seeme short:
In his sweet presence, may I still be blest,
Debarr'd from whom, my soule can finde no rest;
O let all times be prosp'rous, and all places
Be witnesse to our vndefil'd Embraces.

5.

ALl you, whose seeming fauours haue profest
The true affection of a loyall brest,
I charge you all, by the true loue you beare
To friendship, or what else yee count most deare,
* Disturbe yee not my Loue; O doe not reiue
Him of his joyes, that is so apt to grieue;
Dare not to breake his quiet slumbers, lest
You rowze a raging Lion from his rest.

* *Vexe not his Spirit with your sinnes.*

6.

HArke, harke, I heare that thrice-celestiall voyce,
Wherein my spirits, rapt with joyes, rejoyce;
A voice, that tells me, my beloued's nigh;
I know the Musicke, by the Majestie:
Behold he comes; 'Tis not my * blemisht face,
Can slake the swiftnesse of his winged pace;
Behold he comes; His Trumper doth proclaime,
He comes with speede; A truer loue ne're came.

* The imperfections of my present state.

7.

BEhold the fleetnesse of his nimble feet;
The Roe-bucke, and the Hart were ne're so fleet:
The word I spake, flue not so speedie from me,
As Hee, the treasure of my soule comes to me,
Hee stands behind my Wall, as if in doubt
Of welcome; Ah, this * Wall debarres him out:
O, how injurious is this Wall of sin,
That barres my Loue out, and bolts me in!

* The weakenes of my flesh.

The BRIDE in the person of the BRIDE.
GROOMS. SONET VIII.

HArke, harke, me thinks I heare my true Loue say,
Breake downe that enuious barre, and come away;
Arise (my dearest Spouse) and dispossesse
Thy soule of doubtfull feares, nor ouer-presse
Thy tender spirits, with the dull despaire
Of thy demerits; (Loue) thou art as faire,
As earth will suffer; Time will make thee clearer;
Come forth (my Loue) thou whom, my life's not dearer.

2.

COme forth (my Ioy;) What bold affront of feare
Can fright thy ſoule, and I, thy Champion, here?
'Tis I that calls, 'tis I, thy Bridegroome, calls thee,
Betide it me, what euer euill befalls thee:
The winter of thy ſharpe Affliction's gone;
Why fear'ſt thou cold, and art ſo neere the Sunne?
I am thy Sunne, if thou be cold, draw nearer;
Come forth (my Loue) then whom, my life's not dearer.

3.

COme forth (my deare) the ſpring of joyes inuite thee,
The * Flowres contend for beautie, to delight thee,
Their ſweet ambition's onely, which might bee
Moſt ſweet, moſt faire, becauſe moſt like to thee:
The * Birds (ſweet Heralds of ſo ſweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans* ſing;
All ſing, with joy, t'injoy ſo ſweet a Hearer;
Come forth (my Loue) then whom, my life's not dearer.

* *The Elect.*

* *Angels.*

4.

THe proſp'rous * Vine, which this deare hãd did plãt,
Tenders due ſeruice to ſo ſweet a Saint:
Her hidden Cluſters ſwell with ſacred pride,
To * kiſſe the lips of ſo, ſo faire a Bride;
Maſqu'd in their leafes, they lurke, fearing to bee
Diſcryde by any, till firſt ſeene by Thee;
The Clowds go paſt; the Heauens cannot be clearer;
Come forth (deare Loue) then whom, my life's not dearer.

* *The Congregation of the faithfull.*

* *To offer vp the firſt fruits of obedience.*

My

5.

MY Doue, whom daily * dangers teach new shifts,
That, like a Doue, do'st haunt the secret Clifts
Of solitarie Rocks; How e're thou bee
Reseru'd from others, bee not strange to mee,
Call me to rescue, and this brawnie Arme
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy soule, from harme;
Speake (Loue;) Thy voice is sweet; What if thy face
Be drencht with teares? Each teare's a seuerall grace.

* Persecutions.

6.

ALl you, that wish prosperitie, and peace,
To crowne our Contract, with a long encrease
Of future joyes, ô, shield my simple Loue,
From those that seeke her ruine, and remoue
The base Opposers of her best designes;
Destroy those Foxes, that destroy her Vines;
Her Vines are fruitfull, but her tender grapes
Are spoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane shapes.

The BRIDE in her owne person. SONET IX.

WHat greater joy can blesse my soule, then this,
That my Beloued's mine, and I am His!
Our soules are knit; the world cannot vntwine
The joyfull vnion of His heart, and Mine;
In Him, I liue; in Him, my soule's possest
With heauenly solace, and eternall rest:
Heauen onely knowes the blisse, my soule enjoyes;
Fond earth's to dull, to apprehend such joyes.

2.

THou sweet perfection of my full delights,
Till that bright * Day, deuoted to the rites
Of our solemniz'd Nuptials, shall come,
Come liue with me, and make this heart, thy Home:
Disdaine me not: Although my face appeare
Deform'd and clowdie, yet my heart is * cleare;
Make haste: Let not the swift-foot Roe-buck flee
The following Hounds so fast, as thou, to mee.

* The day of Iudgement.

* By sanctification.

3.

CAP. III.

I Thought my Loue had taken vp his rest,
Within the secret * Cabin of my brest;
I thought the closed Curtaines did immure
His gentle slumbers, but was too secure;
For (driuen with loue) to the false bed I * stept,
To view his slumbring beautie, as he slept,
But he was gone; yet plainly there was seene
The curious dint, where he had lately beene.

* In my soule.

* By strict examination.

4.

IMpatient of his absence, thus bereauen
Of him, then whom, I had no other heauen,
I rau'd awhile; not able to digest
So great a losse, to lose so faire a Guest:
I left no path vntrac'd; no * place vnsought;
No secret Cell vnsearcht; no way vnthought;
I ask'd the Shade, but shadowes could not hide him;
I ask'd the World, but all the World denyde him.

* Amongst the wisest worldlings.

My

5.

MY jealous Loue, diſtemp'red with diſtraction,
Made fierce with feare, vnapt for ſatisfaction,
Applyes freſh fuell, to my flaming fires,
With Eagles wings ſupplyes my quick deſires;
Vp to the walls I rambled, where I ſpyde
The * Citie watch, to whom, with teares, I cryde;
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft deſcry
What's darke to vs; Did not my Loue paſſe by?

* *The Miniſters of the Word.*

6.

AT length, when dull deſpaire had gain'd the ground
Of tyred hopes, my Faith fell in a ſwound;
But Hee, whoſe ſympathizing heart did finde
The tyrant paſſion, of my troubled minde,
Forthwith appear'd; What Angels tongue can let
The World conceiue our pleaſures, when we met?
And till the joyes of our eſpouſed hearts
Be made * compleat, the World ne're more ſhall part's.

* *At the Reſurrection.*

BRIDEGROOME. SONET X.

NOw reſts my Loue: Till now, her tender breſt
Wanting her joy, could finde no peace, no reſt:
I charge you all, by the true loue, you beare
To friendſhip, or what elſe you count moſt deare,
Diſturbe her not, but let her ſleepe her fill;
I charge you all, vpon your lifes, be ſtill:
O, may that lab'ring ſoule, that liues oppreſt
For me; in me, receiue eternall reſt.

2.

WHat curious face is this? What mortall birth
Can ſhow a beautie, thus * vnſtayn'd with earth?
What glorious Angell wanders thus alone,
From earths foule Dungeon, to my Fathers Throne!
It is my Loue; my loue that hath denyde
The world, for me; It is my faireſt Bride;
How fragrant is her breath! How heauenly faire
Her Angell face! Each glorifying the Aire.

* *Throngh ſanctification by my merits.*

BRIDE. SONET XI.

O, How I'm * rauiſht with eternall bliſſe!
Who e're thought heauen a joy, cõpar'd to this?
How doe the pleaſures of his glorious Face,
Adde glorie to the glorie of this place!
See, how Kings Courts ſurmount poore Shephards cells,
So this, the *pride* of *Soloman*, excells;
Rich wreathes of glorie crowne his royall Head,
And troopes of Angels waite vpon his Bed.

* *By heauenly contemplation.*

2.

THe Court of Princely *Solomon* was guarded
With able men at armes; their faith rewarded
With fading honours, ſubject to the fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frownes of State;
But here th'harmonious Quire of heauen attend,
Whoſe prize is glorie, glorie without end,
Vnmixt without doubtings, or degenerous feare;
A greater Prince, then *Solomon*, is here.

3.

THe Bridall bed of Princely *Solomon*,
(Whose beautie amaz'd the greedie lookers on,
Which all the world admired to behold)
Was but of Cedar; and her Sted of gold;
Her Pillars siluer; and her Canopie
Of silkes, but richly stayn'd with purple die;
Her Curtaines wrought in workes, workes rarely led
By th'needles art; such was the bridall bed.

4.

SVch was the bridall bed, which Time, or Age
Durst neuer warrant from th'opprobrious rage
Of enuious fate; Earths measure's but a minit;
Earth fades; all fades vpon it; all, within it;
O, but the glorie of this diuiner place,
No Age can injure, nor yet Time deface;
To bright an obiect, for weake eyes to bide,
Or tongues t'expresse: Who euer saw't, but dyde?

5.

VVHo e're beheld the royall Crowne, set on
The nuptiall browes of Princely *Solomon*?
His glorious pompe, whose honour did display
The noysed Triumphs of his Marriage day?
A greater Prince, then *Solomon*, is here,
The beautie of whose Nuptials, shall appeare
More glorious farre, transcending his, as farre
As heauens bright Lamp out-shines th'obscurest Starre.

BRIDEGROOME. Sonet XII.

Cap. IIII. a *Through the gifts of my Spirit.* b *The modestie and puritie of thy iudgement.* * *Ornaments of necessarie ceremonies.*

HOw orient is thy [a] beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!
Thy vailed [b] eyes out-shine heauens greater light,
Vnconquer'd by the shadie Clowd of night;
Thy curious [*] Tresses dangle, all vnbound
With vnaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!

2.

d *Sincere Ministers.*

THy Iuorie [d] Teeth in whitenesse doe out-goe
The downe of Swans, or Winters driuen snowe,
Whose euen proportions liuely represent
Th'harmonious Musicke of vnite consent.
Whose perfect whitenesse, Time could neuer blot,
Nor Age (the Canker of destruction) rot:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!

3.

e *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.* f *Modest graces of the Spirit.*

THe rubie Portalls of thy ballanc'd [e] words,
Send forth a welcome relish, which affords
A heauen of blisse, and makes the earth rejoyce,
To heare the Accent of thy heauenly voyce;
The maiden blushes of thy [f] Cheekes, proclaime
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!

Thy

4.

THy * Necke (vnbeautifyde with borrow'd grace)
Is whiter then the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter may; for beautie, and for powre,
'Tis like the glorie of *Dauids* princely Towre:
What vaſſall ſpirit could deſpaire, or faint,
Finding protection from ſo ſure a Saint?
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to Thine!

* *Magiſtrates.*

5.

THe deare-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree,
Was not ſo daintie, as thy Apples bee,
Theſe curious Apples of thy ſnowy * breſts,
Wherein a Paradiſe of pleaſure reſts;
They breathe ſuch life into the rauiſht [c] Eye,
That the inflam'd beholder, cannot [d] die:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to Thine!

* *The old and new Teſtaments.*

c *The ſanctified and zealous reader.*

d *The ſecond Death.*

6.

MY deareſt Spouſe, I'll [e] hye me to my home,
And till that long-expected [f] Day ſhall come,
The light whereof, ſhall chace the night, that ſhrowdes
Thy vailed beautie, in theſe enuious [g] Clowdes;
Till then, I goe, and in my Throne, prouide
A glorious welcome, for my faireſt Bride;
Chapplets of conqu'ring Palme, and Laurell boughs
Shall crowne thy Temples, and adorne thy browes.

e *I will withdraw my bodily preſence.*

f *The day of iudgement.*

g *Infirmities of the fleſh.*

7.

WOuld beautie fayne be flatter'd with a grace
Shee neuer had? May ſhee behold thy face:
Enuie would burſt, had ſhee no other taske,
Then to behold this face, without a Maske;
No ſpot, no veniall blemiſh could ſhee finde,
To feede the famin of her ranc'rous minde;
Thou art the flowre of beauties Crowne, and thay're
Much worſe then foule, that thinke thee leſſe then fayre.

8.

FEare not (my Loue) for when thoſe ſacred bands
Of wedlock ſhall conjoyne our promis'd hands,
I'll come, and quit thee from this tedious * place,
Where thou art fore'd to ſojourne for a ſpace;
No forrein Angle of the vtmoſt Lands,
Nor ſeas Abyſſe ſhall hide thee from my hands;
No night ſhall ſhade thee from my curious eye,
I'll rowze the graues, although grim Death ſtand by.

* *This vale of miſerie.*

9.

ILluſtrious beames ſhot from thy flaming * eye,
Made fierce with zeale, and ſoueraigne Majeſtie
Haue ſcorcht my ſoule, and like a fierie dart
Transfixt the Center of my wounded heart;
The Virgin ſweetneſſe of thy heauenly grace
Hath made mine eyes glad pris'ners to thy face;
The beautie of thine eye-balls hath bereft
Me of my heart: O ſweet, ô ſacred theft!

* *Thine eye of Faith.*

10.

O Thou, the deare Inflamer of mine eyes,
Life of my ſoule, and hearts eternall prize,
How delectable is thy loue! How pure!
How apt to rauiſh, able to allure
A frozen ſoule, and with thy ſecret fire,
T'affect dull ſpirits with extreame deſire!
How doe thy ioyes (though in their greateſt dearth)
Tranſcend the proudeſt pleaſures of the earth!

11.

THy lips (my deareſt Spouſe) are the full treaſures
Of ſacred * Poeſie, whoſe heauenly meaſures
Rauiſh with joy the willing heart, that heares,
But ſtrike a deafneſſe in rebellious eares:
Thy wordes, like Milke and Honie, doe requite
The ſeaſon'd ſoule, with profit and delight:
Heauens higher Palace, and thoſe lower places
Of dungeon-earth are ſweetned with thy graces.

* *Diuine harmonie.*

12.

MY Loue is like a Garden, full of flowres,
Whoſe ſunny bankes, and choice of ſhadie bowres
Giue change of pleaſures, pleaſures wall'd about
With armed Angels, to keepe Ruine out;
And from [m] her Breſts [n] (encloſed from the ill
Of looſer eyes) pure [o] Cryſtall drops diſtill,
The fruitfull ſweetneſſe of whoſe gentle ſhowres
Inrich her flowres with beautie', and banks with flowres.

m *The two Teſtaments.*
n *Riddles to prophane readers.*
o *Celeſtiall comforts.*

13.

MY loue is like a Paradiſe, beſet
With rareſt grifts, whoſe fruits (but tender yet)
The world nere taſted, dainties farre more rare
Then *Edens* tempting Apple, and more faire:
Myrhe, Alloes, Incenſe, and the Cypreſſe tree
Can boaſt no ſweetneſſe, but is breath'd from thee;
Dainties, for taſte; and flowers, for the ſmell
Spring all from Thee, whoſe ſweets, all ſweets excell.

BRIDE. SONET. XIII.

OThou (my deare) whoſe ſweets, all ſweets excell,
Frō whom my fruits receiue their taſt, their ſmel,
How can my thriuing p Plants refuſe to grow,
Thus quickned with ſo ſweet a q Sun as thou?
How can my flowers, which thy Ewers nouriſh
With ſhowers of liuing waters, chooſe but flouriſh?
O thou, the Spring, from whence theſe waters burſt,
Did euer any taſte thy ſtreames, and thurſt?

p *The Faithfull*
q *The Sonne of righteouſneſſe.*

2.

AM I a Garden? May my Flowers be
So highly honour'd to bee ſmelt by Thee,
Inſpire them with thy ſacred breath, and then
Receiue from them, thy borrowed breath agen;
Frequent thy Garden, whoſe rare fruit inuites
Thy welcome preſence, to his choiſe Delights;
Taſte where thou liſt, and take thy full repaſte,
Here's that will pleaſe thy ſmell, thine eye, thy taſte.

BRIDE-

BRIDEGROOME. SONET XIIII.

CAP. V.

THou ſacred Center of my ſoule, in whome
I reſt, behold thy wiſht-for Loue is come;
Refreſht with thy delights, I haue repaſted
Vpon thy [r] pleaſures, my full ſoule hath taſted
Thy [ſ] rip'ned dainties, and hath freely beene
Pleas'd with thoſe Fruits, that are (as yet) but [t] greene:
All you that loue the honour of my Bride,
Come taſte her Vyands, and bee diefide.

r *Obedience.*
ſ *Strong workes of Faith.*
t *The new-born fruites of the Spirit.*

BRIDE. SONET. XV.

IT was a [u] night, a night as darke, as foule
As that blacke Errour, that entraunc'd my Soule,
When as my beſt beloued came and knockt
At my [*] dull gates, too too ſecurely lockt;
Vnbolt (ſaid hee) theſe churliſh doores (my Doue,)
Let not falſe [x] ſlumbers bribe thee from thy loue;
Heare him, that for thy gentle ſake came hither,
Long iniur'd by this [y] nights vngentle wether.

u *Too much ſecuritie.*
* *My heart.*
x *The pleaſures of the Fleſh.*
y *Thy hardhearted vnkindneſſe*

2.

I Heard the voice, but the perfidious pleaſure
Of my ſweet ſlumbers, could not finde the leaſure
To ope my drowſie doores; My Spirit could ſpeake
Words faire enough; but ah, my fleſh was weake,
And fond excuſes taught me to betray
My ſacred vowes to a ſecure delay:
Perfidious ſlumbers, how haue you the might
To blind true Pleaſures, with a falſe delight!

3.

WHen as my Loue, with oft repeated knocks
Could not auaile, shaking his dewie locks,
Highly displeas'd, he could no longer bide
My sleight neglect, but went away denyde;
No sooner gone, but my dull soule discern'd
Her drowzie error; my grieu'd spirit * yearn'd
To finde him out; these seiled eyes that slept
So soundly fast, awak'd, much faster wept.

* *Repented.*

4.

THus rays'd, and rowz'd from my deceitfull rest,
I op'd my doores, where my departed Guest
Had beene; I thrust the churlish Portalls from me
That so denyde my deerest Bridegroome to me;
But when I smelt of my returned hand,
My soule was rapt, my powers all did stand
Amazed at the * sweetnesse they did finde,
Which my neglected Loue had left behinde.

* *The sweetnes of his graces.*

5.

I Op'd my doore, my Myrrhe-distilling doore,
But ah, my Guest was gone, had giuen me o're:
What curious Pen, what Artist can define
A mateleſſe sorrow; Such, ah, such was mine;
Doubts and despaire had of my life depriu'd mee
Had not strong hopes of his returne reuiu'd mee,
I sought, but he refused to appeare,
I call'd, but he would nor be heard, nor heare.

Thus

6.

THus, with the Tyrannie of griefe distraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left vnsought,
No eare vnask'd; The * Watchmen of the Citie
a Wounded my soule, without remorse or pitie
To Virgin teares; They taught my feet to stray,
Whose steps were apt enough to lose their way,
With taunts and scornes they check't me, and derided,
And call'd me Whoore, because I walkt, vnguided.

* *False teachers.*
a *With their false doctrines.*

7.

YOu hallowed Virgins, you, whose tender hearts
Ere felt th'impression of * loues secret darts,
I charge you all, by the deare faith you owe
To Virgin pureneſſe, and your Veſtall vow,
Commend me to my Loue, if ere you meet him,
O tell him, that his loue-ſicke Spouſe doth greet him,
O let him know, I languiſh with deſire
T'enjoy that heart, that ſets this heart on fire.

* *Diuine loue.*

VIRGINS. SONET XVI.

OThou the faireſt flowre of mortall birth,
If ſuch a beautie may be borne of earth,
Angell or Virgin, which? or both in one,
Angell by beautie, Virgin by thy mone,
Say, who is Hee that may deſerue theſe teares,
Theſe precious drops? Who is't can ſtop his eares
At theſe faire lips? Speake Lady, ſpeake at large,
Who is't? For whom giu'ſt thou ſo rich a Charge?

BRIDE.

BRIDE. SONET XVII.

MY Loue is the perfection of delight,
Roses, and Doues are not so red, so white,
Vnpattern'd beautie summon'd euery grace
To the composure of so sweet a face;
His body is Heauen, for in his brest,
The perfect Essence of a God doth rest;
The brighter eye of heauen did neuer shine
Vpon an other glorie, so diuine.

2.

* *His Deitie.* HIs * Head is farre more glorious, to behold,
Then fruitfull Ophyres oft refined gold,
'Tis the rich Magazen of secret treasure,
Whence *Graces* spring in vnconfined measure;
* *His Humanitie.* His curl'd and dangling * Tresses doe proclaime
A *Nazarite*, on whom ne're Rasor came,
Whose Rauen-black colour giues a curious relish
To that, which beautie did so much imbellish.

3.

* *His iudgment and care of his Church.* LIke to the eyes of Doues are his faire * Eyes,
Wherein sterne Iustice, mixt with Mercy, lyes;
His eyes are simple, yet Majesticall,
In motion nimble, and yet chaste withall,
Flaming like fire, and yet burne they not,
Vnblemisht, vndistayned with a spot,
Blazing with precious beames, and so behold,
Like two rich Diamonds in a frame of gold.

His

4.

HIs * Cheeks are like two fruitfull beds, o're-growne
With Aromaticke flowers newly blowne,
Whose odours, beautie, please the smell, the sight,
And doubling pleasures, double the delight:
His * lips are like a Crystall spring, from whence
Flow sweetned streames of sacred Eloquence,
Whose drops into the eare distill'd, doe giue
Life to ¶ the Dead, true joyes to * them that liue.

* The discovery of him in his Word.
* His promises.
¶ Those that die to sinne.
r That liue to righteousnesse.

5.

HIs * Hands are decke with rings of * gold; the rings,
With costly Iewels, fitting none but Kings.
Which (of themselues though glorious, yet) receiue
More glorie from those fingers, then they gaue;
His ᵘ Breast's like Iuorie, circled round about
With ˣ veines, like Saphyres, winding in and out,
Whose beautie is (though darkned from the eye)
Full of diuine, and secret Majestie

* His actions.
* With purenes.
u His secret counsells.
x Inwardly glorious.

6.

HIs * Legs like pureſt Marble, strong and white,
Of curious shape, (though quick) vnapt for flight:
His Feet (as gold that's oft refined) are
Like his vpright proceedings, pure and faire;
His * Port is Princely, and his Stature tall,
And, like the Cedar, stout, yet sweet withall:
O, who would not repose his life, his blisse,
Vpon a Base so faire, so firme as this?

* His words constant, firme, and pure.
* His whole carriage.

7.

HIs Mouth-But ſtay; What need my lips be lauiſh,
In choice of wordes, when one alone will rauiſh?
But ſhall, in briefe, my ruder tongue diſcouer
The ſpeaking Image of my abſent Louer?
Then let the curious hand of Art refine
The race of Vertues morall, and diuine,
From whence, by heauen let there extracted bee
A perfect Quinteſſence; Euen ſuch is Hee.

VIRGINS. SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer then the faireſt, whoſe ſad teares,
And ſmiling words, haue charm'd our eies, our eares;
Say, whither is this prize of beautie gone,
More faire then kinde, to let thee weepe alone?
Thy tempting lips haue whet our dull deſire,
And till wee ſee Him, wee are all on fire;
Wee'le finde him out, if thou wilt be our guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroome*, is the * *Bride*.

* *The Church is the way to Christ*

BRIDE. SONET. XIX.

CAP. VI.

IF Error leade not my dull thoughts amiſſe,
My *Genius* tells me, where my true Loue is;
Hee's buſie labʼring on his flowrie * banks,
a Inſpiring ſweetneſſe, and b receiuing thanks,
Watʼring thoſe plants, whoſe tender rootes are c drie,
And pruning ſuch, whoſe Creſts aſpire d too high,
Tranſplanting, grafting, reaping fruits from ſome,
And couering others, that are * newly come.

* *Congregation of the faithfull.*
a *Giuing graces.*
b *Receiuing glorie.*
c *Despairing ſoules.*
d *Not yet thoroughly humbled.*
* *Strengthning the weake in ſpirit.*

2.

VVHat if the frailtie of my feebler part,
Locke vp the Portalls of my drowsie heart?
He knowes the weakneſſe of the fleſh incumbers
Th'vnwilling ſpirit, with ſenſe-bereauing ſlumbers;
My hopes aſſure me, in deſpight of this,
That my Beloued's mine, and I am His;
My hopes are firme; (which Time ſhall ne're remoue)
That Hee is mine, by Faith; I, His, by loue.

BRIDEGROOME. SONET XX.

THy timely griefe, (my teares-baptized Loue)
Compels mine eares to heare, thy teares, to moue;
Thy blubber'd beautie, to mine eye appeares
More bright then' twas: Such is the * ſtrength of Teares:
Beautie, and Terror, meeting in thine eye,
Haue made thy face the Throne of Majeſtie,
Whoſe awfull beames, the proudeſt heart will moue
To loue for feare, vntill it feare for loue.

* *The force of Repentance.*

2.

REpreſſe thoſe flames, that furnace from thine eye,
They rauiſh with too bright a Tyrannie;
Thy fires are too too fierce: O turne them from me,
They pierce my ſoule, and with their rayes o'recome me.
Thy curious * Treſſes dangle, all vnbound
With vnaffected order, to the ground:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to Thine!

3.

THy Iuorie *Teeth in whiteneſſe doe out-goe
The downe of Swans, or Winters driuen ſnowe;
Whoſe euen proportions liuely repreſent
Th'harmonious Muſicke of vnite conſent;
Whoſe perfect whiteneſſe, Time could neuer blot,
Nor Age (the enuious Worme of Ruine) rot:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!

* Sintere Miniſters.

4.

THy *Temples, are the Temples of chaſte loue,
Where beautie ſacrifis'd her milke-white Doue,
Vpon whoſe Azure pathes, are alwayes found
The heauen-borne Graces dancing in a round:
Thy maiden *Bluſhes gently doe proclaime
A ſhame of guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame:
How orient is thy beautie! How diuine!
How darke's the glorie of the earth, to thine!

* Thy viſible parts.

* Modeſtie, and zeale.

5.

YOu, you braue ſpirits, whoſe emperiall hand
Enforces, what your lookes cannot command;
Bring forth your pamper'd Queenes, the luſtfull prize,
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes;
Surround the Circle of the Earth, and leuie
The faireſt Virgins in loues faireſt beuie,
Then take from each to make one perfect Grace,
Yet would my Loue ouer-ſhine that borrow'd face.

Ithon

6.

I Thou art ſhee, corriuall'd with no other,
Thou glorious Daughter of thy glorious Mother
The new *Ieruſalem*, whoſe Virgin-birth
Shall Diefie, the [a] Virgins of the earth:
The Virgins of the Earth haue ſeene thy beautie,
And ſtood amaz'd, and in a proſtrate dutie
Haue ſued to kiſſe thy hand, making thine eyes
Their Lampes to light them, till the Bridegroome riſe.

a *The pure in heart.*

7.

HArke, how the Virgins hallow'd with thy fire
And wonder ſmitten with thy beames, admire.
Who, who is this (ſay they) whoſe cheekes reſemble
Aurora's bluſh, whoſe Eye heauens lights diſſemble?
Whoſe face is brighter then the ſilent Lampe
That lights the earth, to breathe her nightlie dampe;
Vpon whoſe brow ſits dreadfull Majeſtie,
The frowne whereof commands a Victorie.

8.

FAire Bride, why was thy troubled ſoule dejected,
When I was abſent? was my Faith ſuſpected
Which I ſo firmelie plighted? Couldſt thou thinke
My loue could ſhake, or ſuch a Vow could ſhrinke?
I did but walke among my tender Plants,
To ſmell their Odours, and ſupplie their wants,
To ſee my Stockes, ſo latelie grifted, ſprout,
Or if my vines began to burgen out.

9.

f My Spirit.

THough gone was I, f my heart was in thy breſt,
Although to thee (perchance) an vnkowne gueſt,
'Twas that, that gaue ſuch wings to thy deſire,
T'enioy thy loue, and ſet thy ſoule on fire;
But my returne was quicke, and with a minde
More nimble (yet more conſtant) then the winde,
I came; and as the winged ſhaft doth flie
With vndeſcerned ſpeed; Euen ſo did I.

10.

REturne, (O then returne) thou childe of Peace
To thy firſt ioyes, O let thy teares ſurceaſe;
g Securitie. Returne thee to thy Loue; let not the g night
h Worldly pleaſures. With flatt'ring h ſlumbers, tempt thy true delight;
Returne thee to my boſome, let my breſt
Bee ſtill thy Tent; Take there eternall reſt;
Returne, ô Thou, in whoſe enchaunted eye,
Are Darts enough, to make an armie flie.

11.

CAP. VII. Thy wages.

FAire Daughter of the higheſt King, how ſweet
Are th'vnaffected graces of thy i Feet!
From euery ſtep, true Maieſtie doth ſpring,
Fitting the Daughter of ſo high a King:
The girdle of truth. Thy Waſte is circled with a k Virgin Zone,
The precious gifts of the Spirit. Imbelliſht round with many a precious l Stone,
Wherein the curious Workeman did fulfill
The vtmoſt glorie of his Diuiner skill.

Thy

12.

THy [m] Nauell, where thy holie Embrion doth
Receiue ſweet nouriſhment, and heauenly growth,
Is like a Chriſtall ſpring, whoſe freſh ſupplie
Of liuing waters, Sunne, nor Drought can drie:
Thy [n] fruitfull Wombe is like a winnow'd heape
Of pureſt graine, which heauens bleſt hand did reape,
With Lillies fenc'd: True Embleme of rare treaſure;
Whoſe graine denotes increaſe; whoſe Lillies, pleaſure.

m *Wherby there is a receit of ſpirituall Conceptions.*

n *Increaſe of the Faithfull.*

13.

THy daintie [o] Breſts, are like faire Twins, both ſwelling
In equall Maieſtie; in hue excelling
The new-falne Snow vpon th'vntrodden Mountaines,
From whence there flowes, as frō exub'rous Fountaines,
Riuers of heauenly *Nectar*, to allay
The holy thirſt of Soules: Thrice happie they,
And more then thrice, whoſe bleſt affections bring
Their thirſtie palats to ſo ſweet a Spring.

o *The Old and New Teſtament*

14.

THy [p] Necke doth repreſent an yuorie Tower,
In perfect pureneſſe, and munited power,
Thine [q] Eyes (like pooles at a frequented gate
For euerie commer, to draw water at)
Are common treaſures, and like Chriſtall glaſſes,
Showes each his liuely viſage, as he paſſes:
Thy [r] Noſe, the curious Organ of thy Sent,
Wants nothing more, for vſe, for ornament.

p *Magiſtrates.*

q *Teachers.*

r *Glorious in all parts.*

Thy

15.

f The Ceremonies of the Church.

THy Tyres of gold (inricht with glorious Gemmes,
Rare Diamonds, and Princely Diadems,)
Adorne thy browes, and with their native worth
Aduance thy glorie, and set thy beautie forth;
So perfect are thy Graces, so Diuine,
And full of heauen, are those faire lookes of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double fire
Of thy full beautie, and my fierce desire.

16.

O Sacred Simetrie! O rare Connexion
Of many perfects, to make one perfection!
O heauenly Musicke, where all parts doe meete
In one sweet straine, to make one perfect sweete!
O glorious Members, whose each seuerall feature
Diuine, compose so, so diuine a Creature!
Faire soule, as all thy parts vnited, bee
Entire, so summ'd are all my ioyes in thee.

17.

THy curious Fabricke, and erected stature
Is like the generous Palme, whose lofty nature
In spight of enuious violence, will aspire,
When most suppresst, the more it mounts the higher:
Thy louely Brests, (whose beautie reinuites
My oft remembrance to her oft delights)
Are like the swelling Clusters of the vine,
So full of sweetnesse are those brests of thine.

Art

18.

ART thou my Palme? My busie hand shall nourish
Thy fruitfull roots, and make thy braunches flourish:
Art thou my Vine? my skilfull arme shall dresse,
Thy [t] dying Plants; my liuing Springs shall blesse
Thy [u] infant Buddes; my blasting breath shall quell
[*] Presumptuous weedes, and make thy Clusters swell:
And all that loue thee, shall attayne the fauour
To taste thy sweetnesse, and to smell thy sauour.

[t] *Despairing soules.*
[u] *Young Conuerts.*
[*] *Opposers of the Truth.*

19.

THose Oracles that from thy lippes proceed,
With sweet Euangels, shall delight and feed
Th'attentiue eare, and like the Trumpets voyce
Amaze faint hearts, but make braue Spirits rejoyce:
Thy breath, whose Dialect is most Diuine,
Incends quicke flames, where Ember'd sparkes but shine;
It strikes the Pleaders Rethoricke with derision,
And makes the dullest Soule a Rethoritian.

BRIDE. SONET XXI.

MY Faith, not merites hath assur'd thee, mine,
Thy Loue, not my Desert hath made me, thine:
Vnworthie I, whose drowsie soule rejected
Thy precious fauours, and (secure) neglected
Thy glorious presence, how am I become
A Bride befitting so diuine a Groome!
It is no merite, no desert of mine,
Thy loue, thy loue alone, hath made me thine.

2.81

SInce then the bountie of thy deare election
Hath fyl'd me thine, O let the sweet reflection
Of thy illustrious beames, my soule inspire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot desire;
Vnite our Soules; O let thy Spirit rest
And make perpetuall home within my brest;
Instruct me so, that I may gaine the skill,
To suite my service to thy sacred will.

3.81

COme, come (my Soules preserver) thou that art
Th' vnited joyes of my vnited heart,
Come, let vs visit, with the morning light
Our prosp'rous x Vines; with mutuall delight
Let's view those Grapes, whose Clusters being y prest,
Shall make rich wines, to serue our Marriage feast,
That by the thriuing plants it may appeare,
Our joyes perfecting Marriage draweth neere.

x *Congregation of the Faithfull*
y *By affliction.*

4.

MBehold my z new disclosed Flowres present
Before thy gates, their tributarie Scent,
Reserue themselues for Garlands, that they may
Adorne the Bridegroome, on his Marriage day:
My a Garden's full of b Trees, and euery Tree
Laden with c Fruit, which I deuote to thee.
Eternall joyes betide that happie gueft,
That tastes the dainties of the Bridegroomes feast.

z *Yong Conuerts*

a *Assemblies.*
b *Faithfull.*
c *Faith and good Workes.*

O would

5.

O Would to God mine eyes, (these fainting Eyes
Whose eager appetite could ne're deuise
A dearer object) might but once behold
My loue (as I am) clad in fleshly mold,
That each may corporally conuerse with other,
As friend to friend; as sister to her brother,
O how mine eyes could welcome such a sight;
How would my soule dissolue, with ore-delight!

CAP. VIII.

6.

THen should this hand conduct my fairest Spouse
To taste a Banquet at my Mothers * House;
Our fruitfull Garden should present thine eyes
With sweet delights, her trees should sacrifice
Their earely fruits to thee; our tender Vine
Should cheare thy palate with her vnpresst Wine;
Thy hand should teach my liuing Plants to thrive;
And such, as are a dying, to reuiue.

* The vniuersal Church.

7.

THen should my Soule enioy within this breast,
A holy Sabbath of eternall Rest;
Then should my Cause that suffers through despight
Of Errour, and rude Ignorance, haue right;
Then should these * streames, whose Tides so often rise,
Bee ebb'd away, from my suffused eyes;
Then should my spirits, fill'd with heauenly mirth,
Tryumph o're Hell, and find a Heauen on Earth.

* Teares and sorrowes.

8.

ALl you, that wiſh the bountifull encreaſe
Of deareſt pleaſures, and diuineſt peace,
I charge you all (if ought my charge may moue
Your tender hearts) * not to diſturbe my Loue;
Vexe not his gentle ſpirit, nor bereiue
Him of his joyes, that is ſo apt to greiue;
Dare not to breake his quiet ſlumbers, leſt
You rouze a raging Lyon from his reſt.

* Not to vexe and grieue his holy Spirit.

9.

WHo euer lou'd, that euer lou'd as I
That for his ſake renounce my ſelfe, denie
The worlds beſt Ioyes, and haue the world forgone?
Who euer lou'd ſo deare, as I haue done?
I ſought my Loue, and found him * lowly laide
Beneath the tree of Loue, in whoſe ſweet ſhade
Hee reſted; there his eye ſent forth the fire,
That firſt enflam'd my amorous deſire.

* In humilitie.

10.

MY deareſt Spouſe, O ſeale me on thy heart
So ſure, that enuious Earth may neuer part
Our joyned Soules; let not the world remoue
My chaſte deſires, from ſo choiſe a Loue;
For, O, my loue's not ſleight, her flames are ſerious,
Was neuer Death ſo powerfull, ſo imperious;
My jealous zeale is a conſuming fire,
That burnes my ſoule, through feare and fierce deſire.

Fires

II.

FIres may be quencht, and flames, though ne'r ſo great,
With many drops ſhall faint, and loſe their heat;
But theſe quicke fires of loue, the more ſuppreſt,
The more they flame, in my inflamed breſt;
How darke is Honour! how obſcure and dimme
Is earths bright glorie, but compar'd with Him!
How foule is Beautie! what a toyle is Pleaſure!
How baſe is Wealth! how baſe a thing is Treaſure?

12.

I Haue a [h] Siſter, which by thy diuine
And bounteous Grace, our Marriage ſhall make thine;
Shee is mine owne, myne onely Siſter, whome
My mother bare, the youngeſt of her Wombe:
Shee's yet a [i] Childe, her beautie may improue,
Her breſts are ſmall, and yet too greene for loue;
When Time and Yeares ſhall adde perfection to her,
Say (deareſt Loue) what honour wilt thou doe her?

h *The Church of the Gentiles then vncalled.*

i *Vncall'd to the Truth.*

BRIDEGROOME. SONET XXII.

IF ſhee be faire, and with her beautie, proue
As chaſte, as loyall to her virgin-Loue,
As thou haſt bin, then in that high degree
I'le honour her, as I haue honour'd thee:
Be ſhee as conſtant to her Veſtall vow,
And true to her deuoted Faith, as Thou,
I'le Crowne her head, and fill her hand with Power,
And giue a Kingdome to her for a Dower.

BRIDE. Sonet XXIII.

WHen Time ſhall ripen theſe her greene deſires,
And holy Loue, ſhall breath her heauenly fires
Into her Virgin breſt, her heart ſhall bee
As true to loue, as I am true to thee:
O, when thy boundleſſe bountie ſhall conjoyne
Her equall-glorious Maieſtie, with mine,
My joyes are perfect; then, in Sacred bands
Wedlocke ſhall couple our eſpouſed hands.

BRIDEGROOME. Sonet. XXIIII.

I Am thy Gard'ner, Thou my fruitfull Vine,
Whoſe rip'ned Cluſters ſwell with richeſt Wine;
The vines of *Solomon* were not ſo faire,
His Grapes were not ſo precious, as thine are;
His vines are ſubiect, to the vulgar will
Of hired hands, and mercinarie skill;
Corrupted Carles are merrie with his Vines,
And at a price, return their barter'd Wines.

2.

BVt mine's a Vineyard, which no ruder hand
Shall touch, ſubjected to my ſole command;
My ſelfe, with this laborious arme, will dreſſe it,
My preſence with a buſie eye ſhall bleſſe it;
O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriuing vine
Is not ſo faire, ſo bountifull as mine;
Thy greedie ſharers claime an earned hire,
But mine's reſerv'd, and to my ſelfe entire.

O thou,

3.

O Thou, that dwellest [k] where th'eternall fame
Of my renowne so glorifies my name,
Illustrious Bride, in whose cœlestiall tongue,
Are Sacred spells t'enchaunt, the ruder throng;
O let thy lippes, like a perpetuall storie
Diuulge my graces, and declare my glorie;
Direct those hearts, that Errour leades astray,
Dissolue the [l] Waxe, but make obdure the [m] Clay.

k *In the great Congregation.*

l *The penitent.*
m *The presumptious.*

BRIDE. SONET. XXV.

MOst glorious Loue, and honourable Lord,
My heart's the vowed Seruant of thy Word,
But I am weake, and as a tender Vine
Shall fall, vnpropt by that deare hand of thine:
Assist me therefore, that I may fulfill
What thou command'st, and then command thy will;
O leaue thy sacred Spirit in my breast,
As earnest of an euerlasting Rest.

FINIS.